

The second part of

Then ioyne you with them like a ribbe of Steele,
To make strength stronger: but for al our loues,
First let them trie themselues, so did your sonne,
He was so suffred, so came I a widow,
And neuer shall haue length of life enough,
To raine vpon remembrance with mine eies,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heauen,
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me, tis with my mind,
As with the tide, sweld vp vnto his height,
That makes a stil stand, running neither way,
Faine would I go to meete the Archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me backe,
I will resolute for Scotland, there am I,
Till time and vantage craue my company.

Enter a Drawer or two.

Francis What the diuel hast thou brought there apple
Iohns? thou knowest sir Iohn cannot indure an apple Iohn.

Dra. Mas thou saist true, the prince once set a dish of ap-
ple Iohns before him, and tolde him there were fise more sir
Iohns, and putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leaue of
these six drie, round, old, withered Knights, it angred him to
the heart, but he hath forgot that.

Fran. Why then couer and set them downe, and see if
thou canst find out Sneakes Noife, mistris Tere-sheet would
faine heare some musique.

Dra. Dispatch, the roome where they supt is too hot, theile
come in straight.

Francis Sirra, here wil be the prince and master Poynesa-
non, and they will put on two of our ierkins and aprons, and sir
Iohn must not know of it, Bardolfe hath brought word.

Enter Will.

Dra. By the mas here wil be old vtis, it wil be an excellent
stratagem.

Francis Ile see if I can find out Sneake.

Enter mistris Quickly, and Doll Tere-sheet.

Quickly

Henry the f

Quickly Yfaith sweet heart, me
excellent good temperalitie. Your
dinarily as heart would desire, and
is as red as any rose, in good truth
drunke too much cannaries, and
wine, and it perfumes the bloud e
how do you now?

Tere. Better then I was: hem.

Qui. Why thats well said, a go
here comes sir Iohn.

enter sir Iohn

sir Iohn When Arthur first in co
was a worthy King: how now mi

host. Sicke of a calme, yea good

Falst. So is all her sect; and they
licke.

Tere. A pox damne you, you m
comfort you giue me?

Falst. You make fat rascals mist

Tere. I make them? gluttonie, a
them not.

Falst. If the cooke help to make
make the diseases Doll, we catch of
graunt that my poore vertue, grant

Doll Yea ioy, our chaines and o

Fa. Your brooches, pearles, & c
is to come halting off, you know to
his pike bent brauely, and to surgeri
the charge chambers brauely.

Doll Hang your selfe, you mu
selfe.

host By my troth this is the old fa
but you fall to some discord, you a
matique as two dry tofts, you canne
cofirmities, what the goodyere one
you, you are the weaker vessell, as t